

THE ARGUS.

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Saturday, September 18, 1915.

Rock Island—From River to River

The organ of obstruction, before claiming membership in the "honor" than "honor" club, should have itself sterilized.

There is no need of talking, the organ of obstruction, like the baby that cried for comfort, will not cease to wail until it gets a paying contract.

The organ of obstruction has a perfect right to do so, if it wants to, but there is no occasion for it to blockade the sidewalk in the operation.

Of course it is merely a coincidence that the country weeklies are being offered free at this time. It is a coincidence that the country weeklies are being offered free at this time.

Possibly the war provoked the drama to safeguard the people against too much of a good thing. Here in America, we have to stand in line for sugar or the legislature, as the case may be, is ready to quit.

The only one accusing the organ of obstruction of anything but blundering stupidity is that organ itself, which insists upon playing the role of martyr even if it has to paint itself up with red ink for the part.

An Englishman is said to have discovered a process by which steel can be made that it never will rust. This sounds something like the announcements we used to hear that somebody had discovered perpetual motion.

Corn juice drawn off from silos, when used as a beverage, is said to have as much the same effect as moonshine whiskey. One need no longer wonder at the remarkable increase in the popularity of the silo, particularly in the arid districts.

Latest word from Switzerland was that the note requesting the recall of Dr. Dumba had been held up for a week at Bern because of wire trouble. War must have some such effect on the lines across the water as lightning is said to have here in Rock Island.

The dispatch from California telling how wine grapes are being fed to the hogs is calculated to make people on this side of the Rockies envy the porkers. Ten to one, however, if the latter had anything to say about it, they would gladly trade the whole grape crop for one square meal of Illinois corn.

Having a presidential boom in process of incubation Senator Sherman is disposed to look indulgently upon the act of the boys who broke the window of his car with a rock, giving out the impression that it was done "for fun." After the primaries we may expect the senator to be more easily riled over such little things.

In a crucial ball game at Boston this week between the Detroit tigers and the Boston red Sox, it is alleged that Pitcher Mays tried to murder Ty Cobb by diverting his delivery against the head of the champion batsman. Ty retaliated by hurling a bat at the pitcher. The crowd took part in a demonstration after the game and murderous words of paper were actually thrown at Mr. Cobb. Oh, Emerson!

A 365-DAY ROAD CLUB.

The success that has attended the efforts of the new 365-day road club in Moline ought to arouse business men of Rock Island and lead them to undertake a similar enterprise. J. D. Clarkson of Moline now makes his headquarters in Moline and his advice is available at any time. He has made a success in his home town and there is no question that he can show other communities how to succeed. He has done so in Moline.

There is a great deal that such a club could do for Rock Island. For one thing doubtless it could find a way to cooperate with the board of supervisors in expending the share of state aid and county funds which is used annually in the lower end of the county. This money, judging by the experience of Mr. Clarkson, can be made to go a great deal farther in the making of acceptable permanent highways than it has done heretofore.

Rock Island's greatest need just now is for the improvement of its streets to Rock river, but since the south side has been annexed this has become a municipal problem that may be left to work itself out. However, there is a good opportunity for missionary work such as a 365-day club could do, in connecting the improved street built up to the Milan village

limits on the north with the state aid road on the south side of the village. There is more than a mile of roadway to be permanently improved here and the job is rather large for the village to tackle.

Another thing a 365-day club could do would be to purchase part of the big gravel bed west of Milan and give it to the township for road surfacing. Machinery for grading dirt roads and hauling gravel could be purchased and loaned to the township. There are other ways in which a 365-day club could make itself extremely useful to Rock Island.

Why not get one started?

A WISE DECISION.

The Argus hastens to congratulate the majority of the members of the county board on their demonstration of good sense in picking the roads to receive this year's funds for state aid. Led by Chairman Lipton they rejected the report of the road committee, which favored burying the money in distant parts of the county merely because a start had been made there. The final selection of roads to be improved was the best possible. One is the most direct route to the extreme upper end of the county and the other leads to the lower end.

The crying need of this county is for highways which will bring its two extremes closer together and nearer to the county seat. Such roads simply are available during the next few years should be expended to this end.

RECOGNIZED HIGH SCHOOLS.

The operations of the new high school privileges law, says a local bulletin by the educational press bureau, have an added impulse to the desire of many communities to have a recognized high school, and the applications for recognition have been numerous.

There is also a widespread desire for a full explanation of the workings of the law on sanitation.

These two laws make necessary acquaintance into the conditions in public schools. Naturally, such examination as to the high school in any community can not intelligently be made independently of conditions in the lower grades and on the other hand the lower grades cannot be examined fairly without recognition of their relation to the high school.

It is hoped that in many cases during the coming year a joint visit may be made to schools by Mr. Hanna, the supervisor of high schools, and by Mr. Hoffman or Mr. Booth, the inspectors of country, village and city elementary schools.

These tours of visitation in the different counties will be made upon arrangement with the county superintendent in each case. A large number of county superintendents have already responded to the request which has been sent out.

Of course, such tours of visitation will take time, and, of course, the high schools wish to have their status settled as early as possible, so as to know what they can do in the matter of admitting tuition pupils. Because of this need, therefore, arrangements are now in process of completion for holding, at the call of the county superintendent in each case, a conference of principals, at which the provisions of these laws may be presented and discussed, and at which there will be an opportunity for personal consultation with the supervisor of high schools, so that, in most instances, the question can be settled as to whether a school can be recognized or not, and what provisions will be necessary to place the school upon the recognized list. Personal consultation can be held, also, with the inspectors as to the graduation law and the standardization of the country village and city elementary schools.


The purpose of this whole plan of visitation and conferences is to judge of the entire system of schools in each of the smaller places with a view, if possible, to standardizing the school and to giving the greatest possible help to all the departments from bottom to top. Some of these conferences have already been held with good results and many other counties are already arranging for them. The department will be glad to take care of all such requests as rapidly and as early as possible.

MANNERS.

"Manners," someone says, "are the minor morals." Say rather they are the outside symptoms of good morals. For good manners rise from consideration for others; they are the testimony to our recognition of the principle that no man liveth to himself.

So a little thing as interrupting another person is our acceptance of every one's right to that same privilege we challenge for ourselves of being heard. A green youth overcome by his own aptitude, making himself heard loudly and listening little, is set down not merely as deficient in training and etiquette, but as lacking in common sense, says the Milwaukee Journal. And anyone "whom the music of his own vain tongue dith rattle like enchanting harmony" exhibits a rare poor judgment of the relative importance of things. Mayhap it does not seem closely allied to morality that a man rises when a lady enters the room, but it is. Among savages they don't do that sort of thing; force alone compels respect. This homage of civilized man to other qualities is the reflection of his true sense of values.

The other day we saw a young girl, 17 or 18, perhaps, listening quietly and attentively while her father told a story she had heard often. One sees so much of inattention and smirking depreciation of father's or mother's hobbies that it was a pleasant thing. We credit that little lady with far more than mere good training, with the right kind of heart. For truly good manners mean more than technique; they bespeak the true man and the true woman, too.



HEALTH TALKS

William Brady, M.D.

The Appendix at Present.

Fashions change from year to year in every line of human activity. Medicine and surgery are no exceptions. The appendix vermiformis at present is not in such bad odor as it was a decade ago. Surgeons are actually refraining from removing it in some cases of appendicitis.

It is abhorrent to our sense of decency to infer statistics upon the appendix reader. And this is no subject for such figures, for, although the appendix is in better odor it is just as treacherous as it ever was in the palmist days of fashionable appendicitomy. The notice of this philippic is simply to show that the pendulum is swinging back from the advanced position of indifference to every case diagnosed as appendicitis, to a more consistent position of watchful waiting.

Beyond the shadow of a doubt many unnecessary fatalities are caused by appendicitis without operation. At the same time hundreds of cases of acute appendicitis terminate in recovery without surgical intervention. But who is to say in advance whether a given case will pull through without a hypodermic of sterile steel at the right moment? Surely not the victim of the illness. As surely not the old fogey "doctor" who doesn't believe in serious surgery and such new-fangled things as a thoroughly trained physician or surgeon, or both. Could he be trusted to make this vital decision—namely, if it were our precious appendix at stake?

Under absolute rest in bed—and absolute rest means a trained nurse to do every little thing except breathe for you—and the physiological splints for the alimentary canal—which means making taken into the stomach to start up peristaltic movement—for the next 48 hours, the average first attack of appendicitis is relieved. After recovery, if there is any reason to believe that the appendix has been damaged, or if any symptoms whatever remain, then is the ideal time to have a safe interval operation as a sort of life insurance against a second and always more dangerous attack. But this interval operation is deplorably inadequate excuse for refusing to be operated when the doctor in attendance advises you to be opened, for a bad case may not reach an interval.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

When Castor Oil Is Anathema.

Mrs. J. H. W., a woman of firm convictions, writes: You are not an advocate of castor oil as a cathartic, I believe. Nevertheless we have warred off appendicitis by its prompt use on more than one occasion in our household.

Answer—If there is one occasion when this crude inheritance is anathema it is when there is suspicion or fear of acute appendicitis. Castor oil administered under such circumstances without the advice of a doctor has been the straw that turned the scales against recovery many a time and oft.

Explaining How It Was.

How was it, inquires another woman of mature age, that we never heard of appendicitis when we were young? Did the doctors discover the disease to take the place of "colic"?

Answer—Inflammation of the bowels laid under the green sod the poor wretch with appendicitis in the days before surgery. Now it is the fashion to get in and remove the festering appendix before the inflammation spreads all through the abdominal cavity and produces fatal peritonitis (inflammation of the bowels). As for "colic," show us a doctor who is content with such a diagnosis today and we'll show you some one who is taking life easy.

KURDS SURVIVORS OF DAYS WHEN FIGHTING WAS MAIN BUSINESS

The Kurds, who, report says, are again engaged in their favorite occupation of slaughtering Armenians, Jews, women and children, are described in the war primer issued by the National Geographic society:

"The Kurds are a survival from the days when self-respecting men lived only, or at least, principally, by the sword. Their wild tribes are scattered throughout Asia Minor, acting to thwart the most modest efforts of the westward modern comfort, security and organization. Although once relatively rich, the country has not been able to bring forth a sufficiency through all the years that the Kurds have practiced their untamed house-keeping here, a housekeeping that has consisted in abandoning the summer tent for the winter cottage, after preliminary of killing the owner and his family, and the replenishing of goods stores at the point of a rifle, the transaction usually followed by the burning of the looted shop.

"The Kurd is a picturesque citizen, and whatever his numbers may be, he is much more in evidence than the Armenians and other peoples amongst whom he lives. The Kurd is the traveler's first impression in Asia Minor, and, in most cases, he remains the predominant one. The Kurds wear clothes of vivid colors; they also wear ragged, that is, the poorer ones, of the most reckless nondescript. The Kurds ride the best horses; they are always armed; they bully the Armenians, the travelers, and the overland Turks themselves.

"The Kurds have been unable to get a complete mastery over their subject Kurds, and have employed an administrative policy toward them of letting them alone. Thus, the Kurd massacres Armenians, robs Armenians and travelers, and considers both of these occupations his just right. In a useful state, the Kurd lives in the hills and herds sheep. He is a pastoral tent-dweller in the summer. In the winter he moves to the Mesopotamian plains, and either lives in his tent or turns the owner-out of a selected house. His tent is of black, homespun goats' hair, and its furniture is mats, quilts and cooking pots. His children go naked and his women ragged. His board is set with sour milk and, when by chance he builds a winter home, it consists of a hole in the ground with a flat roof of wattle and clay—airtight, smoke-tight, light-tight. There are small smoke vents in the roof, but the whole effect is that of a peacock's dwelling. Within it, as it is light and airy as a low-level coal mine.

"To be of 'Ashirah' blood, in Kurdish estimation, is to be really worth while. The Kurds have a conscious superiority which gives them a certain bearing of noblesse and dignity. A Kurdish chief is an impressive, often an affable individual. These people are not inclined to settle down, and they do not seem to want others to settle. In some districts, however, they have taken lands wholesale from the Armenians, massacring the owners, and have become rich landholders. Occasional Kurds attempt civilization.

"Officially, at least, the Kurds are Mohammedans. They reject the custom of veiling their women; reverence fire, and are, on subjects of religion, altogether liberal. Many of them are Kildashis, heretic Moslems, and some few are Christians.

RUNNING AN AUTOMOBILE AND KEEPING OUT OF THE COURTS

(Judge Joseph Sabath, in Chicago Tribune.)

Do you want to keep out of the automobile court? Do you want to avoid accidents, especially those with possible serious results both to yourself and to others? Then obey Judge Joseph Sabath's enlarged "decadology" for automobile drivers. The judge yesterday made public the "decadology," which he describes as a sure basis of "safety first."

"I haven't intended to draw up a set of crazy rules, but from the excuses I have heard since sitting in the automobile court I have compiled this list—some of it law and the rest just common sense," the judge said. And here are his suggestions:

PLEASE DON'T:

- Don't drink intoxicating liquor or permit your chauffeur to do so while operating an automobile.
- Don't drive faster than the law allows.
- Don't permit your exhaust to smoke.
- Don't cross a boulevard until you come to a full stop.
- Don't pass a street car on the left side.
- Don't pass a street car while passengers are boarding it or being discharged.
- Don't keep your muffler open at any time or place.
- Don't use glaring lights.
- Don't drive on the wrong side of the street.
- Don't keep up a conversation while driving or permit your chauffeur to do so.
- Don't permit any one under the age of 18 years to operate your car.
- Don't permit your car to stand in the loop more than 30 minutes.
- Don't operate a car until you are absolutely competent.
- Don't carry children or women on your motorcycles.

PLEASE DO:

- Always drive on the right side of the street.
- Pass all vehicles except street cars on the left.
- Use best lamps and light them at sundown.
- Procure your state license at once.
- Pay your vehicle tax at once and save court costs.
- Observe the traffic laws strictly.
- Obey officers on crossings.
- Avoid arguments with officers, although you may think they are wrong.
- Use dim lights on front of car.
- Use the chains on rainy days.
- Report to the police or to the automobile court all speeders.
- Signal drivers back of you in case you intend to turn or stop your car.
- Stop your car at all boulevard crossings.
- Stop 10 feet back of a car while same is discharging or taking on passengers.
- Pay special attention to the laws pertaining to speeding.

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

INASMUCH as no imported Limburger cheese has been received in this country for months, it is suspected Germany is hoarding the supply to strengthen her winter offensive movement.

Joseph to Joe.

Joe Cannon attended the Watscha county fair this week, accompanied by his long black cigar and his linen duster. The sage of Danville was in his usually communicative mood and told the natives that he would be a candidate for congressman-at-large if it was the wish of his party. Joe having these many years been the party in his district, the folks around Danville might just as well get ready to see him on the ticket again.

Think It Over.

Peace is the happy natural state of man; war his corruption and disgrace.—James Thompson.

You Should Worry.

Rabbit fur is said to be supplanting wool in felt hat making in Australia.

LORD Kitchener said the other day in England that the Germans had shot their bolt. Apparently, the Russians are right in front of it.

European Reciprocity.

Sir—In your column "At Random" on the 22nd instant you comment on the South-Eastern Railway still advertising German pleasure resorts. This is only a matter of degree, for whilst the railway company is "booming" the German watering places, the Germans are doing their best to "hombing" our seaside resorts on the East Coast. It well represents the difference in method of the two nations.

Yours faithfully,
BURLEIGH D. KILBURN.
Stephens, Edinburgh, Aug. 23, 1915.

—London Observer.

Some Things One Could Do With a Billion-Dollar Loan.

Fill up the coal cellar.
Pay the tax bill.
Get that new fall outfit.
Take up the remaining installments on the encyclopedia.
Have the Palm Beach laundered.
Donate a V to get the weeds out on the vacant lot next door.
—People's Journal.

THE weas and drys are lining up at the state fair at Springfield. The weas so far hold the pole. It was so damp at the grounds yesterday that the auto-races were abandoned.

THE Moline baseball team was arrested yesterday for speeding in Havreport. Old Fan remarks that there is little danger of the O'Leary aggression being pinched on that account.

SOUTH CAROLINA will be dry as Sahara after Jan. 1. When the governors get together in future it is very likely that the governor of South Carolina will be told something bearing on and alluding to the inebriativeness of one state executive to another.

NOW that a French surgeon has demonstrated that putting a bullet in the heart of a soldier is not necessarily fatal, it will be up to the enemy to begin aiming at the ankles or some other vital part of the anatomy.

LA SALLE is to have a boxing contest tomorrow. An old friend has just called over the phone to ask for a bunch. We advised him to lay his savings on Ever Hammer. He ought to be an easy winner.

FACTORY has been built in Chicago which will turn out 18,000,000 hairpins a day. Which brings up the question again, what becomes of all the hairpins? Some husbands are convinced the women swallow them. Ever notice a woman before a mirror doing up her hair while she carries her mouthful of hairpins?

Among the Great and Near Great.

Jeas Willard, who a few years ago was pitching hay in Kansas, is now accompanied by a bodyguard to keep the curious from touching his coat tail.

William J. Bryan, former secretary of state, was in Washington this week trying to land a job for an old Nebraska friend.

John L. Sullivan, who used to travel in private cars and make a daily attempt to consume the liquor supply in the city, happened to be visiting, grabs his ham and at railroad lunch counters these days while making connections for tank towns to address the natives on the curse of booze.

Theodore Roosevelt, ex-president of the United States, unable to get space on the front pages of newspapers, has gone to Canada to argue with the fish. Billie Burke, who for years delighted her audiences in plays in which she was fully clothed, last season slipped into pajamas, and this year she has slid into the movies.

I. GREEN, a grocer in Bloomington, is said to keep only fresh goods.

THE Kaiser is a regular reader of the Irish World, published in New York. It affords him many laughs at the expense of Cousin George. The World refuses to believe that the British king loves the Irish. And perhaps he doesn't.

You Could Do a Knife-and-Fork Solo. I piped this notice in a local eatery: "For immediate service, call for the manager." I wondered what would happen to the customer who didn't appeal to the chief. IGNATZ.

NOW Vidya has fallen also. J. M. C.

The Daily Story

An Improvised Boat—By John Turnlee.

During the war between the states the singular methods used by prisoners of war for escape sound very gaudy today, 50 years after they occurred. But when one considers the number of men under arms, then figures the proportionate number of prisoners and remembers that one in fifty is not a large proportion of prisoners who made attempts to escape, he will see that quite a little army made the venture. For example, suppose there were 100,000 prisoners taken during the war, 2,000 men tried to escape.

Among the curious ventures made by union prisoners in the south between 1861 and 1865 was that of Charles Dorrance, a private in the union army. Dorrance was wounded during the operations around Vicksburg and taken to a house on a small plantation, where he was nursed by a young southern girl.

Everyone knows how conducive to love is nursing. Mabel Owen captured her patient without any trouble, and he captured her the first time she saw him. She was a country girl, and Charles was a city boy, with a clear honest eye and a pleasant smile. It was not to be wondered that she surrendered on sight.

Had the captive of Cupid rejoined his command as soon as he was well enough to do so he would probably not have been made a captive of Mars. He did, and a troop of Confederate cavalry came along and took him to the camp of an infantry brigade on the bank of the Mississippi river. Mabel, on seeing her lover taken away from her, was disconsolate. When he bid her good-bye, moved by the strong impulse in humanity, love, he whispered in her ear:

"Be on the lookout for me, for I'll come back to you if I have to come in my coffin."

The day Dorrance was taken to the Confederate camp two deserters were tried by court martial and sentenced to be shot. A carpenter was at once set to work to make the coffin. He was doing the job in sight of the guard post where Charles was confined. Charles noticed that he was making slow progress and heard an officer boasting him, saying that if he didn't work faster he wouldn't get the job done in time for the execution, which was appointed for half an hour after reveille the next morning. Charles told the officer that he knew all about making coffins—which was false—and would help if permitted. The officer accepted the offer, and Charles went to work.

One of the coffins was a very large one and the other a very small one. Charles worked on the large one. He did not finish it till long after dark, and was permitted to go, a sentinel being placed over him to see that he remained in camp.

It was about an hour after taps, and the command was asleep, all except the chain of sentinels surrounding the camp, and so was the guard detailed to watch the prisoners. There was a way open to Charles—the river. Unfortunately he couldn't swim and had no boat. But Charles conceived an idea. Boring holes in the upper edges of the coffin, he drove pins in the holes, then roughly shaped a couple of four-inch planks into a pair of oars. The pins were the right thickness, but the rest was rather thin.

He was working within a few yards of the river, and, putting the oars in the coffin, he carried it to the water, launched it, got in, and the friendly current carried him out into and down the river. As soon as he had gone far enough from shore he took up his oars, thereby steadying his improvised boat, which was toply.

Charles had been taken up the river some distance above the plantation where he had been nursed and forced back to it. He kept awake till morning; then, being young, and the young requiring sleep, he lay flat on his back and settled in slumber.

Mabel Owen arose early that morning, got the breakfast for the family and went out to mourn for her lost lover. She was sitting on a stump on the bank of the river when, looking northward, she saw something like a boat in the distance. As it approached it did not show the curved silliness of a skiff. It was rather a parallelogram with bulged sides, at an angle. When it came near enough to be distinguished she saw that it was a coffin with a body in it.

Her first thought was that the ever-changing Mississippi had washed into a graveyard and let out a corpse. But she couldn't understand why it had no lid. The grotesque boat came on, with the current till it floated directly under the bank where Mabel sat. A recognition of her lover and a remembrance of his promise to come back to her if he had to come in his coffin came to her simultaneously, and she gave a shriek sufficient to raise the dead.

It certainly raised the living, for it awakened Charles, who opened his eyes and saw his girl bending over the bank directly above him. He sat up, grasped the oars, turned his boat to shore, and in a few minutes the lovers were clasped in each other's arms.

Charles didn't stay long with her, however. He rejoined his command, but after the war returned for his sweetheart.

There is no record as to how the big deserter got on without a coffin.

Sidelights on the European War

Cassel.—(Correspondence of The Associated Press.)—Although more than a thousand of its 6,000 employees have been drawn into the army, the Henschel & Son Locomotive Works, the largest institution of its kind in Europe, has been able to keep the output of its plants here and in Westphalia at par of above. Foreign orders which formerly called for 40 per cent of its output have fallen off almost entirely but the German government has worn out so many locomotives in war work that the home market has taken up all the supply.

The decreased number of employees who have been working long hours to keep the output at normal have earned a large sum in overtime pay. The average production at the Cassel plant is 1,000 locomotives a year. In addition to keeping up to this figure during the past year, the plant has perfected and put into commission a new type of locomotive that is the last word in European engines. As fast as these can be turned out the Prussian railway system is taking them.

One of the last commissions from a foreign country which the Henschel plant in Cassel received was an order for 30 locomotives for Rumania. Rumania at that time was not considered as a possible participant in the war, and Henschel & Son went ahead with the order. The engines are just about completed now, but it is highly improbable that they will be delivered for a time.

Berlin.—(Correspondence of The Associated Press.)—Unless the late summer and autumn bring some extraordinarily unfavorable weather, the year 1915 promises to be remarkable for the production of German wines. Not for 20 years have the prospects along the Rhine, Moselle and Saar been so glowing, and it looks as if the "1915er" will come to dispute honors with the famous "1893er," the best vintage Germany has had in many a decade.

The 1911 vintage was much above the average, but with this exception the years since 1895 have been called thin and acidulous. Wines of the 1911 vintage are naturally scarce and dear, so it is high time in the interests of both the wine growers and wine lovers that another banner vintage should come along.

The long drouth this year in Germany was particularly favorable for the vineyardists. The dryness and high temperatures not only furthered the development of the grapes, but also presented conditions highly favorable to the development of the various diseases and insect enemies of the vine. The latter circumstance was particularly unfortunate this year in view of the reduced force of laborers available for the care of the vineyards.

At this writing the crop is nearly a month further advanced than ordin-

arily. Hence, when the grapes become ripe and the police officially close the vineyards, even against their owners, to prevent gathering before the crop becomes "seditious" (literally, "noble-ripe"), the berries will have a much longer frost-free period than usual in which to develop those qualities necessary for high-grade wines. One result will be that the 1915 vintage will produce an unusually high percentage of so-called "nature wines," that is, wines to which no sugar needs to be added.

Not only does the quality promise to be the best since 1895, but the quantity will be equally satisfactory. For the gathering of this bumper crop there are fortunately available thousands of war prisoners from the wine districts of France, skilled help offering a complete substitute for the German laborers at the front.

The war has caused much less disturbance of conditions in the wine trade than might have been expected. In the first few weeks the consumption fell off greatly, but conditions rapidly improved and many of the leading wine dealers declare that they are doing as large a business as in normal years. In only one respect are conditions changed. While the wine drinkers are drinking as much wine as usual, they are drinking cheaper brands. The result is that the so-called "small wines" are growing scarce. There is still a fair amount of Bordeaux on hand, but the cheaper Rhines and Moselles are near exhaustion, and the German red wines are practically all gone. As a result, the prices of these cheaper wines are just now beginning to rise.

Of the better grade wines, however, there is no lack and the prices have not been raised. This is particularly true of Bordeaux, of which, according to competent authorities, Germany possesses an adequate supply for at least two years. There are also large supplies of port on hand. Comparatively little Italian wine is drunk in Germany. Its lack this year will be chiefly felt in Austria and in certain districts of southern Germany, which ordinarily imported considerable quantities of Italian clarets for mixing with domestic wines. In view, however, of the promised big domestic yield, the want of these imported wines will not be so seriously felt as would be the case in an average year.

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